

which will most easily find manumis. 82. remains at due on the day when all odd funds in his possession are to be used for his services at due on the day when he has to pay debts to the dispossessed odd funds. It is a new law at such a time, and it is now done. The court has been informed that the man's wife and children have been separated from him, and stand before the magistrate on charges of law.

THE LANCASTER GAZETTE

NEW SERIES VOL. 7, NO. 27.

The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SUTHERN,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE IN Martin's Row, East of

the New City Hall.

Terms of Subscription to the Gazette.

Two Dollars per year, payable with the first copy.

\$3.00, if paid in advance.

Subscriptions taken for any length of time above rates.

Subscription with the payment of annual or semi-annual payments.

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One square, 10x12 inches, \$1.00.

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CITY OF LANCASTER:

Thursday, November 3, 1859.

Doesticks on Oysters.

The recent discovery of an immense bed of oysters on the Connecticut shore, has awakened the energies of Doesticks, who thus describes

OYSTERS GENERALLY.

Oysters are oysters. Conchologists research and classification may make a more expanded definition, but none which will add to their flavor or quality.

They are marine bivalvular testacea, and are partaken of either raw, fried, roasted, stewed, or escalloped, in pie or fritters. They are for sale in considerable quantities in the city of New York, and are prepared for eating at sundry places, from Buttercup Dick's to Delmonico's.

During a certain season of the year—those months when, by a strange cabalism, the Jew has been summarily ignored in their names—the natural oyster, in the peaceful tranquility of the last of the ebb tide, launders into the water the embryonic oyster, to be developed to maturity for the satisfaction of the rapacious maw of man and womankind. The spawn (by which we mean the same as the infant oysters are called) being by the inexorable laws of nature thus cut off, from the mother's care, begin to shift for themselves.

They eat about for a resting place, because, having no pedal extremities as their legacy, they are unable to follow deathly. If the soft side of a stone, or shell, or piece of wood, touch their embryonic organism, with instinctive greediness they appropriate the geological, ecological, or vegetable substance, as the case may be, to their own use, and forth with the youthful oyster scarcely the size of a sprig—small in size but big with promise—makes his first bow as an oyster—and, with a "yours in time," settles into an oceanic burrow, to grow. With the base of the bivalve down and the edges up—they acquire upright habits, notwithstanding they indulge in the American practice which the Englishman characterize as denominated perpendicular drinking.

A year's experience makes them the size of a half dollar. In two years they are large enough to be marketable, and in three years, they assume proportions which command for them the respect which adults are accorded to maturity.

Still they are not oysters as oysters. A vegetative phase of development has to be theirs before they will suit the aesthetic taste of the epicure, and the transition like all transitions, is painful. They must be "planted." In other words, the unfeeling oysterman in his boat throws overboard his dredge, which scrapes along where the bivalves are at rest, drags them from their places, and they fall into the network of the dredge, and are brought to the deck of the boat, where they remain until a sufficient quantity are secured to be planted.

But oysterman don't mean putting them into the earth as the seeds, from which to raise oyster plants—and the writer of this takes this opportunity of saying, that popular vegetative has nothing to do with it in its origin with oyster plants; the two being totally distinct and belonging to different kingdoms—but they are taken to some point where they can absorb the inspiring properties of fresh water, which will not only take from them the strong taste which is peculiarly submarine, but will make them all one—make the eyes sparkle to behold them, and the palate tickle as they pass the portals of the human stomach in the last but eventual drama of oyster life. A few minimal experiences in vegetation thus matures them, and when wanted they are again brought to the surface, and consigned to Fulton or Washington Market—and the reader knows the rest.

It was a strange sight to see a

Lyons, foot-sore, ragged and disheveled

an object indeed for commiseration.

Twenty leagues beyond Lyons passing

through a long, dark, lonely wood, he met a Jew, carrying a heavy pack on his back.

The poor artist asked the Israelite

for charity, his appeal was answered with a few coins, for which he thanked the giver, and then offered to carry the pack.

"Oh, no—it is nothing—it is nothing—

a few new clothes only!" returned the Jew hurriedly—so hurriedly, and with such evident uneasiness, in fact, as to awaken suspicion in the mind of the young artist.

He had six sons in his pocket when he started, and these he invested in a deadly poison, which he carried as a desperate resort, determined not to suffer beyond what nature might reasonably bear, but which it was his hope to retain until he had again seen Lucille.

In this manner he rescued and passed

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